

CRACKAJACK

10¢

JULY
No. 25

Bunnies

FEATURING

ELLERY QUEEN

ALSO

The FLYING FORTRESS

RED RYDER

THE OWL

WASH TUBBS

AND OTHERS



INTRODUCING
GABBY SCOOPS



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

THE ADVENTURES OF ELLEERY QUEEN

COPR. 1940 BY ELLEERY QUEEN

RENTAL THEATRE • 1001 N. 10TH ST. • MINNAPOLIS
WALK IN THE PARK • 1001 N. 10TH ST. • MINNAPOLIS

AY TELL YOU SHE'S DIS-
APPEARED... MY WIFE?
AY LEAVE HER AT THE
MOREBILT THEATRE...
WE REHEARGE AFTER
THE LAST SHOW AND AY
LEAVE WHILE SHE DRESS
WHEN I GET HOME
HOME AN HOUR BUDDY WE'LL
LATER SHE LOOK INTO IT
NOT THERE GO ON HOME

PLEASE... YOU
DONT UNDERSTAND
YOU MUST LOOK
NOW... I'M
AFRAID!

SHE MAY
STILL BE
AT THE
THEATRE
DIDJA LOOK
?

IT'S ALL LOCKED AY
CAN'T GET IN TILL
THE JANITOR COMES
IN THE MORNING
!

OKAY... YOU WAIT
HERE... IN THE MEAN-
TIME WE'LL SEND OUT
HER DESCRIPTION AND
COMB THE
CITY

THROUGH THE LONG
NIGHT THE POLICE COMB
THE CITY SEARCHING
FOR VERA OSLO. EVEN
IMPATIENTLY WAITS AT
POLICE HEADQUARTERS,
THE SEARCH PROVES
FRUITLESS. IN THE
MORNING THE JANITOR
ARRIVES AT THE
MOREBILT THEATRE
TO OPEN UP.

HAVE IT OPEN
IN A JIFFY
ANYTHING
WRONG, EVEN
?

MY WIFE
SHE IS DIS-
APPEARED
!

AW SHE'S
PROBABLY
ASLEEP IN HER
DRESSING ROOM
DOZED OFF
AND STAYED
THERE ALL
NIGHT

TEX STAR
JANE TAPS
FLYING 03.05

ELLERY QUEEN



ELLERY QUEEN



ELLERY QUEEN

BERSIN, THE KNOT EXPERT, AFTER LOOKING AT THE KNOT, LOWERS THE BODY SO IT CAN BE TAKEN TO THE MORGUE

HA... YOU SURE RILED UP YOUR OLD MAN, SAY I'M TAKIN' THE BODY DOWN TO THE MORGUE FOR AUTOPSY. GIVE YA A REPORT AS SOON AS I CAN

THANKS, DOC. HURRY IT UP, WILL YOU?

SUDDENLY A SAND-BAG FALLS ON TEX ELLERY YELLS

TEX!
LOOK OUT
TEX!

TEX ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I, I GUESS SO, JANIE. WHAT A CLOSE CALL!

HEY WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

THAT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT, TEX... SOMEONE TRIED TO KILL YOU!

...IT AIN'T HARD TO GUESS WHO...

THAT BIG BABOON, SVEN! ...I'LL HAVE TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM

PLEASE BE CAREFUL, TEX... WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED SOON

NOT NOW WE AIN'T, JANIE... I GAVE VERA ALL MY MONEY FOR THAT PHONEY REAL ESTATE

...HMMM

TEX, HONEY, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE...? WHY DOES SVEN...?

LISTEN, JANIE... I AIN'T DONE NOthin' I'M SORRY FOR... AN I AIN'T SORRY FOR WHAT'S HAPPENED TO VERA!



ELLERY QUEEN

MEANTIME INSPECTOR QUEEN INTERVIEWS HIS PET SUSPECT, ZOGI THE MAGICIAN... AND I FINISH MY ACT WITH AN ESCAPE TRICK. I TIE A KNOT OF MY OWN INVENTION WHICH ENABLES ME TO GET FREE IN THREE SECONDS



IS THIS THE KNOT?

THE INSPECTOR SNAPS ON THE HANDCUFFS...

WHY YES... BUT HOW COULD YOU... ONLY I KNOW HOW TO TIE THAT KNOT!

AND THAT'S WHY I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR THE MURDER OF VERA OSLO!

CLICK



TRIUMPHANTLY THE INSPECTOR LEADS HIS 'CATCH' TO ELLERY...

THIS TIME I BEAT YOU TO THE PUNCH, ELLERY! ZOGI'S JUST ADMITTED HIS GUILT!

REALLY, DAD? IT'S AMAZING

IT'S NOT TRUE... I KNOW NOTHING



QUIET, ZOGI, YOU ADMITTED YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE THAT CAN TIE THIS KNOT!

BUT, DAD... DOC PROUTY PHONED THAT VERA OSLO DIED BETWEEN 12.00 AND 1.00 LAST NIGHT AND BETWEEN 12.00 AND 1.00 LAST NIGHT I FOUND THAT ZOGI WAS DOING HIS ACT AT THE POLICEMEN'S BENEFIT!



OKAY! OKAY! BUT WHO ELSE COULD HAVE TIED THIS KNOT?

THE MURDERER WATCHED THE ACT AND LEARNED HOW TO TIE THE KNOT SO HE COULD USE IT TO FRAME ZOGI!



HEY?... HOW'D YOU GET THOSE HANDCUFFS OFF, ZOGI?

YOU FORGET DAD THAT MOST MAGICIANS ARE ESCAPE ARTISTS



INSPECTOR QUEEN ELLERY AND ZOGI ON THE STAGE HEAR SERGEANT VELIE AND SVEN ARGUING UP ON A BALCONY...

SVEN STRUGGLES WITH VELIE STUNNING HIM WITH A RIGHT CROSS



SUDDENLY SVEN HURLS VELIE OVER HIS HEAD...



TEX RUSHES UP AND THROWS HIS ROPE OVER THE FLEEING SVEN...

HE SAY MY WIFE CHEAT HIM... HE KILL HER... AY KILL HIM!

HOLD IT, SVEN!

TRY THAT AGAIN, SVEN. AND I'LL LOCK YOU UP!



AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT, SVEN, CUT IT OUT AN' COME ON DOWN-STAIRS, BEFORE I SLUG YOU!

YOU LET GO OF ME... AY KILL TEX... HE KILL HER!

HOLD HIM, VELIE, WE'LL BE RIGHT UP!



ELLERY QUEEN



ELLERY QUEEN





SVEN DIVES
OVER THE
RAIL



HIS HANDS GRASP THE
DANGLING ROPE....
HIS ARMS ALMOST
TORN FROM THEIR
SOCKETS BY THE
SUDDEN JERK....



SEEING THAT
ELLERY IS
ABOUT TO
SHOOT HIM,
SVEN SWINGS
BACK, KICKS
ELLERY IN
THE FACE
AND SENDS
HIS GUN
FLYING....



SVEN NOW
SWINGS BACK
TO A CATWALK
AND CLIMBS
TO SAFETY



WITH NO OTHER MEANS
OF GETTING TO THE
CATWALK ELLERY JUMPS
FOR THE
SWINGING ROPE



ELLERY SUCCEEDS IN
CATCHING THE ROPE
AND SWINGING OVER
TO THE CATWALK....
SVEN TRIES DESPERATELY
TO KICK
HIM OFF....



JUST AS
HE'S ABOUT
TO KICK ELLERY
OFF... THE PAIN IN
SVEN'S SHOULDER BECOMES
SO GREAT THAT HIS
HANDS RELAX THEIR
HOLD ON THE RAIL....
HE SLIPS INTO SPACE...



ELLERY EXPLAINS HOW HE KNEW SVEN WAS HIS OWN WIFE'S KILLER....

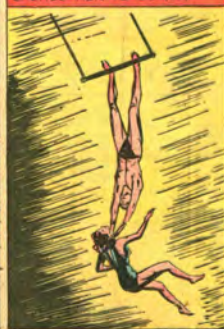


PICTURE OF THUMB MARKS... UPSIDE DOWN



"HIS MOTIVE?" THE SAME AS EVERYONE ELSE'S HERE... AND MORE. YOU REMEMBER DAD...

"HE GRABBED HER NECK, AND SWINGING BACK AND FORTH, CHOKED HER TO DEATH."



THEY LEARNED THAT ALL THEIR MONEY WAS IN VERA'S NAME! VERA HAD EASILY SAVED ENOUGH FROM THE ACT AND THE PHONEY REAL ESTATE SALES TO GO AWAY. TIRED OF SVEN SHE TOLD HIM SHE WAS LEAVING... AND WITH ALL THEIR MONEY, RATHER THAN LOSE EVERYTHING, SVEN KILLED HER.



Don Winslow

OF THE
NAVY

by
FV MARTINEK

THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE MUST NOT GET MADAME'S FINGER-PRINTS I'LL PUT HER ON GUARD AGAINST THEES CLEVER LITTLE ACTRESS--

A TOUGH BREAK!
MADAME CHICO'S LIGHT-FINGERED ASSISTANT HAS STUMBLER UPON A CLUE TO MERCEDES GAME IN THE CONTENTS OF HER HAND-BAG--

SO THEES IS YOUR YONG LIEUTENANT- AND YOU ARE ASKING MY ADVICE ABOUT THEES FUTURE, EH, DEERIE?

The girl's a
Navy Spy -
Make an excuse
to keep that
photo -

HM-M--- I SEE...
ER - NOW ABOUT THEES PICTURE, DEERIE A READING VEEL TAKE TIME--

THE SIGNS ARE NOT CLEAR TODAY-- I MUS' KEEP THE PHOTO AND STUDY HEEM--- YOU COME BACK--

OH, NO-- I CAN'T

IF YOU CAN'T HELP ME, MADAME CHICO, I MUST TAKE THE PHOTO AWAY WITH ME-- NOW

So?

THE LITTLE LADY WILL NOT BE PERSUADE!!

THAT EES TOO BAD!

BECAUSE THERE EES LEFT TO USE ONLEE FORCE !!







MEANTIME, DON AND MERCEDES HAVE FOUND THEIR WAY TO THE SCENE



CONTINUED NEXT MONTH





RED RYDER



RED RYDER







THE OWL

AS THE ALARM SOUNDS 12 MIDNIGHT, NICK ARISES AND DONS A STRANGE, BLACK GARB....



NOW... WHEN NICK TERRY AND THE LAW FAIL... **THE OWL** WILL SEE JUSTICE THROUGH!



TAKING HIS PRIVATE ELEVATOR DOWN TO THE BASEMENT - THE OWL... LARGE, BLACK SHADOW WITH PHOSPHORESCENT EYES... GOES OUT INTO THE NIGHT



... BUT, CARVER - I DIDN'T RAT ON YOU... I'M WITH YOU, PAL

YOU WON'T BE WITH ME LONG, WEASEL



I DIDN'T SQUEAL, CARVER ... OH ...

TAKE IT, RAT!



I THOUGHT I'D FIND CARVER AT HIS OLD HIDE-OUT... AND HE'S ADDED ANOTHER MURDER TO HIS RECORD ... OH, OH, I HEAR HIM COMING BACK



O.K., LOUIE - LET'S GET THIS STIFF OUT OF HERE





THE OWL CLINGS ON THE BACK OF THE AUTO AS CARVER AND HIS STOOGES RACE FOR A COTTAGE ON THE WATER'S EDGE OF A LONG ISLAND BAY

THE OWL

WELL, HERE WE ARE, SAFE
— BUT WE'VE GOT TO
WORK FAST!

O.K. BOSS... ONLY I WAS WONDERIN'
WHAT DAT OWL GUY MEANT
WHEN HE SAID YOU AIN'T
SEEN' DE DAWN?

SILENCE, YOU FOOL!
DO YOU BELIEVE EVERY
WITCHES TALE YOU
HEAR? — GO TO THE
BOATHOUSE AND START
THE BOAT — I
HAVE TO GO
INTO THE
COTTAGE

HURRY, BOSS... I'LL
FEEL MUCH
SAFER WHEN
WE'RE ON THE
WATER

IN THE COTTAGE
ARE HIDDEN
THE VALUABLE
DOCUMENTS THAT
CARVER STOLE
FROM A HIGH
NAVY OFFICIAL...
HE GETS THESE,
AS THE OWL
SUSPECTED,
BEFORE MAKING
HIS FINAL DASH
FOR FREEDOM...

SATISFIED THAT CARVER HAS THE PAPERS
— THE OWL RUSHES TO THE BOATHOUSE —



YES, SIR, I'VE OUTSMARTED THE LAW AND AS
FOR THAT OWL — BAH!... LET'S SEE HIM FLY
OUT HERE, HA! — THE SPY RING WILL PAY
WELL FOR THESE PAPERS

HERE COMES THE DAWN, LOUIE,
AND I AIN'T DEAD YET, HA, HA,
— YOU SCARED, LOUIE? HA!

AS THE CRAFT NOSES OUT
INTO THE OPEN WATER, CARVER'S
CONFIDENCE RETURNS...

THE OWL

...BUT THE OWL, HAVING TIED AND GAGGED LOUIE, IS AT THE HELM, AND AS DAWN BREAKS....

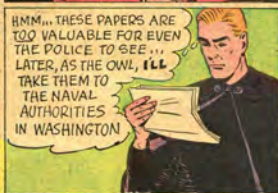


IT'S DAWN, CARVER... YOUR TIME HAS COME!

EE-YOWW...



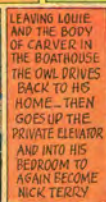
DEAD!... THE SHOCK MUST HAVE BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HIS HEART... WELL, THIS CROOK SURELY DESERVED IT... NOW TO GET THE PAPERS



HMM... THESE PAPERS ARE TOO VALUABLE FOR EVEN THE POLICE TO SEE... LATER, AS THE OWL, I'LL TAKE THEM TO THE NAVAL AUTHORITIES IN WASHINGTON



I'D BETTER HURRY AND GET THIS BOAT WITH ITS CARGO BACK TO CARVER'S PLACE... THEN I'LL BORROW HIS CAR AND GET TO MY APARTMENT... THE OWL CAN'T AFFORD TO BE SEEN IN DAY LIGHT!



LEAVING LOUIE AND THE BODY OF CARVER IN THE BOATHOUSE THE OWL DRIVES BACK TO HIS HOME... THEN GOES UP THE PRIVATE ELEVATOR AND INTO HIS BEDROOM TO AGAIN BECOME NICK TERRY



I'LL TIP OFF THE POLICE AS TO WHERE THEY CAN FIND CARVER WITHOUT LETTING THEM KNOW WHO I AM



LATER THAT MORNING, BELLE CALLS...

...WHILE YOU SLEEP, NICK TERRY, I GET NEWS—SCOOP!... CARVER WAS FOUND DEAD THIS MORNING... A SMALL PAPER OWL WAS PASTED ON HIS FORE HEAD—

NO?



YES, HIS HENCHMAN WAS ALIVE, BUT SCARED STIFF—BABBLERED SOMETHING ABOUT AN OWL PERSON, BUT I THINK IT WAS THE WORK OF ANOTHER GANG!

MY, MY, YOU ARE THE LITTLE NEWS HOUND

NEXT MONTH—THE OWL STRIKES AGAIN! DON'T MISS IT

STRATOSPHERE JIM and his FLYING FORTRESS

COPR. 1940, BY
R.S. CALLENDER

RANGE FINDER
BRIDGE
50 CAL. MACHINE GUNS
PILOT'S SEAT
8-INCH GUN
MACHINE GUNS

NAVIGATION, CHART ROOM
RADIO ROOM
OBSERVATION DECK
CREW'S QUARTERS
OIL BURNING DIESEL MOTORS
HELICOPTER
TWIN MACHINE GUNS
JIM'S SMALL PLANE
(UNDER SIDE OF WING
OPENS TO EXIT OR PICK
UP PLANE)

4-INCH GUN
MACHINE GUNS
STERN OBSERVATION
DINING ROOM, LOUNGE
GALLEY
8-INCH GUN
2-INCH GUN
FUEL TANKS

A. M. Williams

THE SKY
GIANT IS
CRUISING
QUITE HIGH
AND FAST—
WHEN JIM
IS APPROACH-
ED BY HIS
CHIEF
ENGINEER—!

WE'RE GETTIN'
MIGHTY LOW ON
OIL, JIM—WHAT
WOULD YOU BE
SUGGESTIN'
WE DO?

CUT THE SPEED, PAT—
I'LL FIGURE SOMETHING
OUT RIGHT AWAY

WE'LL HEAD SOUTHWARD TO
THE OIL FIELDS—WE CAN GET
ALL THE FUEL WE WANT
THERE—I HOPE

JIM WHEELS THE
SKY GIANT IN A
WIDE CIRCLE
AND POINTS HER
NOSE SOUTH—

1
HOUR
LATER



LOOK AHEAD,
HARRY—THERE'S
THE OIL FIELDS—!



HOW WE'RE GOING TO GET THE FUEL OIL IS
A PROBLEM—THE OIL FIELDS ARE PROBABLY
PROTECTED BY ARTILLERY—AND OUR SHIP
COULDN'T STAND HEAVY SHELL FIRE!!—
WE'D LOOK
LIKE A SWISS
CHEESE WITH
THE HOLES
WE'D COLLECT



SUDDENLY UPON LOOKING DOWN,
JIM SEES SOMETHING THAT GIVES
HIM AN IDEA—A TRAIN OF OIL
TANK CARS—!!



HOT DOGS!!—WE'LL TAKE THE OIL
FROM THAT UNPROTECTED TRAIN!
TELL THE BOYS TO STAND BY TO
REFUEL—WE'RE GOING DOWN NOW!

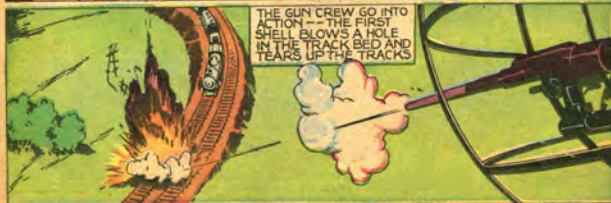


THE ENGINEER ON THE TRAIN
BELOW SEES JIM'S PLANE
HOVERING OVERHEAD—

HIMMEL!—VOT A GIANT!!
UND IT'S COMING DOWN
ON US—



SO—THAT ENGINEER
IS SPEEDING UP—HE'S
TRYING TO ESCAPE, EH?
HARRY—TELL THE
6-INCH GUN CREW TO
BLOW UP THE TRACK
IN FRONT OF THE TRAIN!



THE GUN CREW GO INTO
ACTION—THE FIRST
SHELL BLOWS A HOLE
IN THE TRACK BED AND
TEARS UP THE TRACKS

STRATOSPHERE JIM



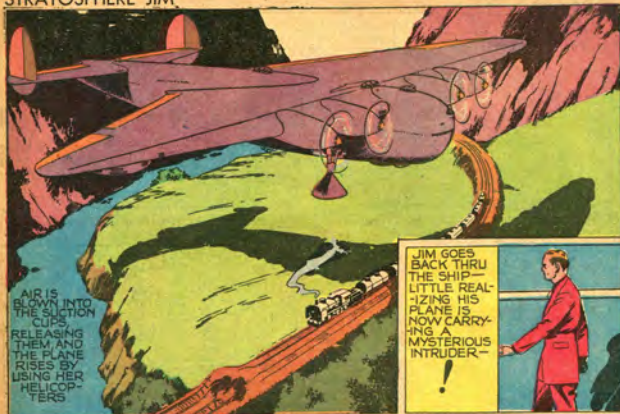
THE TRAIN COMES TO A JERKING, SHUDDERING HALT ONLY A FEW FEET AWAY FROM THE SHELL HOLE WHICH TORE UP THE TRACK



JIM USES THE BIG HELICOPTERS TO LOWER THE 'FLYING Fortress' DOWN NEAR TO THE STALLED TRAIN







AIR IS
BLOWN INTO
THE SUCTION
CUPS
RELEASING
THEM AND
THE PLANE
RISES BY
USING HER
HELICOP-
TERS

JIM GOES
BACK THRU
THE SHIP
LITTLE REAL-
IZING HIS
PLANE IS
NOW CARRY-
ING A
MYSTERIOUS
INTRUDER—
!



SUDDENLY
HE HALTS—!

THAT'S QUEER !—SMOKE
COMING OUT OF THE
STORE ROOM—!—I
WONDER—

AS JIM OPENS THE DOOR A SEETHING
MASS OF FLAME BILLOWS OUT—!!



FIRE—THE FEAR AND DREAD
OF EVERY AIRMAN—! INSTANTLY
THE ALARM RACES THROUGH-
OUT THE ENTIRE SKY GIANT—!

SNAP INTO IT MEN—
GRAB EXTINGUISHERS !!
SHUT THE FIRE BULK-
HEADS AMIDSHIPS
AND ASTERN—QUICK!!



STRATOSPHERE JIM

JIM DOESN'T DARE LAND THE PLANE,
FOR FEAR OF CAPTURE—THE FIRE
MUST BE PUT OUT IN THE AIR —!!



MEANWHILE, THE GUN CREWS IN THE
STERN OF THE SHIP FIGHT THE FIRE
DESPERATELY—THEY KNOW THEY'RE
CUT OFF — TRAPPED !!



SOME OF THEM MANAGE TO FIGHT THEIR
WAY FORWARD TO WHERE JIM AND THE
REST ARE



SUDDENLY JIM SEES A FIGURE
DART FROM ONE OF THE
COMPARTMENTS AND CLIMB
TO THE UPPER LEVEL —!!

JIM LEAPS UP THE LADDER
IN PURSUIT—THE FIGURE
WHIRLS ABOUT —!!



KEEP BACK!

—OR I BLOW
OFF YOUR
HEAD—



—IGNORING THE THREAT, JIM
LEAPS AT THE INTRUDER BEFORE
HE CAN SHOOT—



STRATOSPHERE JIM

JIM'S OPPONENT BREAKS LOOSE AND HITS JIM A TERRIFIC BLOW ON THE JAW—SENDING HIM SPRAWLING BACK TOWARD THE LADDER—JIM GRABS WILDLY TO KEEP FROM GOING OVER THE EDGE—



AND BARELY SAVES HIMSELF



THE MYSTERIOUS OFFICER RACES DOWN THE CORRIDOR—BUT JIM MANAGES TO BRING HIM DOWN WITH A DRIVING TACKLE!!



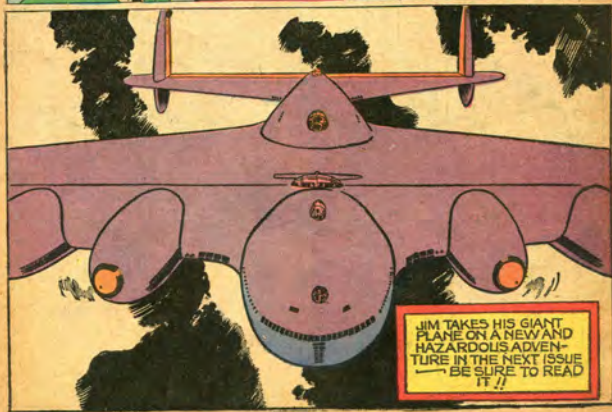
THE OFFICER IS THE FIRST UP—HE LUNGES FOR THE NEAREST DOOR—



—AND MAKES A FATAL MISTAKE!! HE STEPS OUT INTO SPACE—!!



STRATOSPHERE JIM



GABBY SCOOPS

by BILL TREADWELL
and BILL CONNOR

INTRODUCING GABBY SCOOPS
THE LAFFABLE ROVING REPORTER,
WHO SCOOPS TO CONQUER AND
GABS TO SCOOP



LOOK AT
THAT--PEPPER



PUT IT DOWN, PEPPER
WE HAVE TO ACT FAST. CALL
DOC FOR THE POISON.....



TELL HIM WE'LL PICK IT UP. I'LL
MEET YOU IN THE GARAGE.....
WE GOT SIX HOURS BEFORE
DAY LIGHT----- HURRY!!!



NOW'S OUR CHANCE,
PEP! SPRING COMING AND
NO COMPETITION FROM
THE T.S. TENT SHOW
IT LOOKS
GREAT!



NEXT DAY... OFFICE OF THE GOOFVILLE GAZETTE

GABBY, YOUR FIRST JOB
IS TOUGH... THESE POISONED
ANIMALS HAVE A
STORY BEHIND THEM.
GET IT BY NOON!



LISTEN, CAP! CALL HEADQUAR-
TERS FOR MY GUN PERMIT..
I WANT TO START CLEAN.
SCOOPS NO DROOP.
I'LL GET IT!!

GABBY SCOOPS



GABBY SCOOPS

HI, YA, KID!... LET'S HAVE A VICHY....I'VE GOT A TOUGH JOB WITH THIS FIRE.... WHAT'S 'COOKIN'?

YOU'RE GABBY AINT YOU? HERE'S A LEAD FOR YOU.



SHOOT THE STORY! LET'S HEAR IT

TWO GUYS JUST DASHED OUT OF HERE. THEY KNEW YOU BY THE PICTURE IN THE GAZETTE. THEY TALKED ABOUT BLOWIN' TOWN



AT THAT MOMENT THE CAR SPEEDS AWAY



THEY LOOKED FAMILIAR. THERE THEY GO!



WOW! WHAT'S THIS THEY DROPPED? A BOTTLE!



PUT IT IN YOUR POCKET, SCOOPS. WE'LL CHASE 'EM IN THE POLICE CAR!



THEY MUST BE GOIN' FAST... LOOK! ON THE ROAD AHEAD. IT'S THEIR CAR!



BOY! THAT WAS CLOSE NOW WE'VE GOT TO HIDE! SCOOPS FOLLOWIN' US

LOOK, THERE'S AN' OLD SHACK BACK THERE!



Apple MARY and DENNIE

SYNOPSIS

BILL AND SUNNY, ACTING AS DELILAH'S HUSBAND AND CHILD, ARE PART OF A PLOT TO INFLUENCE GRANDPA BRAMBLE TO LEAVE HIS MONEY TO DELILAH. BILL AND SUNNY WERE HIRED FOR A WEEK, BUT GRANDPA HAS GROWN SO FOND OF SUNNY, THEY CAN'T LEAVE. IN THE MEANTIME, APPLE MARY HAS BEGUN TO WORRY ABOUT THEIR EXTENDED ABSENCE.



APPLE MARY



APPLE MARY



CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

WASH TUBBS

BY ROY CRANE

COPR. BY NEA-SERVICE, INC.

— SYNOPSIS —
CAROL'S FATHER HAS TAKEN HER TO EUROPE TO FORGET WASH. EASY HAS DISAPPEARED AND WASH'S ONLY SOLACE IS A MONGREL WHO ADOPTED HIM. MEANWHILE, A MAN RESEMBLING EASY HAS BEEN FOUND WITH A FRACTURED SKULL IN A CITY 200 MILES AWAY.











DAN DUNN



SYNOPSIS

THE PROFESSOR AND HIS HENCHMEN HAVE STOLEN THE CROWN JEWELS. DAN, ON THEIR TRAIL, HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY ANOTHER BAND OF THIEVES WHO THINK HE IS AN ALLY OF THE PROFESSOR. DAN IS BURNED ON THE ARM WITH A RED-HOT IRON WHEN HE IS UNABLE TO GIVE THEM INFORMATION. AS THE RED-HOT IRON STRIKES HIS ARM, DAN JERKS BACKWARDS AND FALLS THROUGH A TRAP DOOR INTO A SEWER.



MEANTIME THE TRIO WHO HAD BEEN IN LEAGUE WITH THE PROFESSOR REACH THE SEWER---



MEANTIME NOT FAR DOWNSTREAM FROM WHERE THE THREE DESPERADOS START THEIR SEARCH IS DAN DUNN, ALREADY EXHAUSTED AND IN GREAT PAIN



MEANTIME TWO OF THE FOREIGN DESPERADOS COME TO THE PLACE WHERE DAN WAS HELPED FROM THE SEWER BY THE STRANGER!









CONTINUED NEXT MONTH



AFTER MARY HAD BEEN RESCUED FROM THE SAVAGES ON THE NEAR-BY ISLAND, THE CRUSOE FAMILY WAS NOW HAD FORTIFYING THE TREE HOUSE—



WE'VE DONE A GOOD JOB, PAUL. I FEEL A LOT SAFER NOW.

GEE, DAD, IT'S LIKE A REAL FRONTIER FORT.



LET'S INSPECT OUR ARMORY. YOU MADE OUT THE LIST OF ARMS AS I TOLD YOU?

I DID... WE HAVE TWENTY SEVEN RIFLES, EIGHT SHOTGUNS, NINETEEN REVOLVERS, AND FORTY CASES OF AMMUNITION.



WE WERE LUCKY THE SHIP CARRIED SUCH A STORE OF ARMS.

WE WERE INDEED... NOW, PAUL, REMEMBER YOU ARE IN CHARGE OF OUR ARMORY.



ALL FIREARMS ARE TO BE FULLY LOADED AT ALL TIMES AND PROPERLY LOOKED AFTER.

YOU CAN TRUST ME, DAD IF WE SHOULD EVER GET ATTACKED, THE SAVAGES WILL HAVE A SURPRISE COMING!

THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES

WEERS
PASS PEACEFULLY
BUT THE
VIGILANCE
OF THE
CRUSOES
NEVER
RELAXES

MARY AND HER MOTHER
ARE
TENDING TO THE
GARDEN



MARY GO GET SOME
STAKES FOR THE—
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

L-L-LOOK
OVER
THERE!!



THE VIGILANCE OF THE CRUSOES
BEARS FRUIT AS MAE CRUSOE
QUICKLY GRABS THE NEARBY
RIFLE AND FIRES



UP TO
THE HOUSE
QUICKLY!

THERE'S
FATHER AND
PETER



UP
QUICKLY!
EVERY
MINUTE
COUNTS



THE CRUSOES





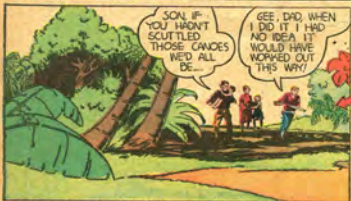
THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES



NIGHT FALLS AND THE CRUSOES RETIRE, SAFE ONCE MORE, BUT BADLY SHAKEN BY THE DAY'S HAPPENINGS.



ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF OUR BELOVED CRUSOE FAMILY WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE. DON'T MISS IT!

FREE
\$25.00
IN CASH PRIZES

Win a dollar by solving this....
Gabby Scoops
PRIZE CONTEST!

GABBY SCOOPS HAS TO WRITE HIS NEWS STORY FROM THESE JUMBLED WORDS, PARTS OF WORDS, AND LETTERS...

SCOOPSGRAM

GABBY SCOOPS
 NEW YORK CITY

STORY DETAILS: CRACKAJACK
 SAFE BY GAB SING HI SING LO AWAY
 THEY GO FOR D TRIP MORN LOSS TWO
 GUN SECOND AFTER MACKEY WIRE E
 STREET TO.

SIGNED,
 CITY EDITOR



CAN YOU SOLVE THE SCOOPSGRAM?

COUPON

FILL IN THE ANSWERS

1. Time?

5. Instruments in case?

2. Place?

6. Conviction?

3. What happened?

7. Car?

4. Characters?

8. Reporter?

NAME

STREET and NUMBER

CITY

STATE

\$1.00 EACH
 to the
25 Boys and Girls
 sending in the
 neatest correct
 answers to
GABBY SCOOPS
 Room 1955
 1440 Broadway
 New York, N. Y.
 Before JULY 1, 1940



COL. ROSCOE TURNER



Here is *big news* in aviation! The *first* big issue of the official Sky Blazers Comic Magazine will be on sale the **SECOND OF JULY!** The magazine will be full of interesting stories of heroes, of aviation, their adventures and thrills, and also authentic pictures of planes and equipment.

If you would like to organize a *model club* in your town, or exchange information about aviation with other boys and girls, the Sky Blazers official magazine will help you.

If you like this first big issue, be sure to tell your friends to get a copy. If you show enough interest in the magazine, we plan to publish an issue just as big, as colorful, and as interesting as this one every month. So, Sky Blazers fans, it is up to you - - - - -
- - - Happy landings!

Sincerely,

Roscoe Turner

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